

A
B A L L A D

In Honour of the present REGENCY.

THOU' Gaeat George be gone o'er, yet to shew his Love
Still by Deputy Kings his own Cares do pursue us,
Left Papists, or Jacks or worse Folks shou'd undoe us,
Which no Body can deny.

Th' Arch Bishop comes first for the Grace of the Matter,
And who lays the Whigs would our Clergy bespatter,
(after ?
When they joyn his good Grace with the Twelve that come
Which, &c.

So famous for Justice great Parker's been long since,
That to doubt of our safety in his Hands were Nonsense
(Conscience.
For he'll scarce keep us worse than he keeps the King's
Which, &c.

The Politick Dukes of Kingston and Kent,
With Newcastle are join'd in this new Government ;
And where these Three are met, they all plots will prevent.
Which, &c.

*There's the poor Faithful Duke, on whom Fortune
(don't smile,
And Cambell who'll guard the North Part of our Isle,
If the Duke of Greenwich don't prove an Argyle.
Which, &c.

From wild Irish Papists whi'e Bolton secure's us,
From Danger of Highlanders, Roxbro' infures us,
And Berkley'll take care of our Coast he'll assure us.
Which, &c.

There's Stanhope so sober and calm in debate,
And Spencer at th' Helm, where his Father once fate,
Whose Steps if he follows, ne'll settle the State.
Which, &c.

Young Craggs for his own and his Family's worth,
To this lofty Post is most justly call'd forth,
Since his Virtues do almost exceed his high Birth.
Which, &c.

One Regent may give a whole Kingdom the Spleen,
As our Neighbours in France to their Sorrow have seen,
But we can fear naught from our Glorious Thirteen.
Which, &c.

While thus in the Praise of our Regents we sing,
Left our Loyalty any in Question should bring,
We must heartily pray God would send home our King.
Which no Body can deny.

*Fidelis sed infortunatus, is the Duke of Marlbro's Motto.

Jothams PROPHECY.

Judges, Chap. 9. ver. 7. and the following Verses.

SOON as young Jotham heard his Brethrens Fate,
And that Abimelech usurp'd the State ;
More for his Country than himself dismay'd,
The Royal Youth this Proclamation made,
Hear me, he cries, ye Men of Sichem, hear,
To your Address's to may God give Ear.
As you attend to what I shall reveal,
By Explanation and by Parable,

The P A R A B L E.

*The Trees (as old Mythologists relate)
About the chusing of a King Debate.
Long they Debate; nor could they well agree
Whether a Plant or Scrub their King should be.
The mean base Bramble they at last Ovey.
And Homage to that thorny Monarch pay:
Whilst, with Contempt the nobler Plants look down,
And for the Subjects sake disdain the Crown.
The purple Vine with Blushing looks more red,
And th' Oak, with sullen Anger shook his Head.*

E X P L A N A T I O N.

You are the Trees, the Brambles is the Thing
That you have made, I scorn to call him King.
Ungrateful Man! to him you've giv'n my Crown,
Him have you plac'd upon my Fathers Throne ;
My Honours on a Foreigner bestow'd,
On one a Stranger almost unto my Blood ;
Whose mean illustrious House on mine, appears
I have been poor Pensioners for many Years ;
500 Marks per Annum was the Sum :
Allow'd the dispicable scabby Scum.

Ungrateful Men! for you the Stuarts faught,
For you they conquer'd, and the Lawrels got ;
For you in Council sat, to guide your State,
And spent the Midnight Taper in debate,
Yet you, regardless of my Progeny,
Unmindful of my Race, forgetting me,
Graft on this Bramble of the Family.
Soon you forget how this Ungrateful Land
Groan'd with the Weight of Midian's Iron Hand,
Forgot that Gideon too, who set you Free
At once from Cromwel, and from Anarchy,
Forgot that Nassau was set up by you ;
Nassau the archer Tyrant of the Two.
To fill your Measure of Iniquity,
The Schemetite Abimelech is he
You idolize; the vilest of the Three.

Now weigh the Cause, and hold the Ballence true,
You, that are Criminal, shall be Judges too ;
Judge as you would be judged, if you can say.
You've justly done, to give my Crown away ;
Then triumph in Abimelech your Choice,
And let Abimelech in you rejoyce.

Since now you know the Cause, if you adhere
To Milo's Race, and slight the Rightful Heir,
Expect my Wrongs, which loud to Heav'n will cry,
Vill bring down all the Vengeance of the Sky,
Vengeance Divine will fall on every Head,
And Desolation thro' your Kingdom spread ;
Your Sacred Alters, and your Shrines consume,
And from Abimelech the Fire shall come.
Abimelech the Scoff of Christendom.